

Dundas Street Centre Methodist Church

SERVICE :: OF :: PRAISE

Friday Evening, September 26th, 1890.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Organ Soloist, - - - MR. C. E. WHEELER.
Director and Accompanist, - - - MR. W. J. BIRKS.

N.B.—The audience is kindly requested to refrain from applause of any kind.

PROGRAMME

1. OPENING VOLUNTARY—"Offertoire in F," - - - Mozart

Mr. W. J. Birks.

(To be immediately followed by the Doxology, sung by the entire audience and Choir.)

INVOCATION

Rev. G. Brown.

2. CHORUS—"Te Deum," (arranged from "The Elijah") - - Dudley-Buck
The Choir.

3. DUET—"Jesus, Lover of my Soul," - - - Weigand
Miss Brown and Mr. Williams.

4. TENOR SOLO—"Remembrance," - - - Edith Cooke
Mr. Percy T. Carroll.

I entered the ancient minster
On a summer's evening bright,
And the setting sun thro' the windows
Shed a flood of golden light.
I was weary and heavy laden
With the burden and heat of day,
So I sat in the gathering twilight
And dreamt I was far away.

It was there in the dear old homestead
As a child at my mother's knee,
She told me the old, old story,
Of a Saviour who died for me.
Oh, mother, thou art mine forever,
Oh, mother, thou art mine for aye;
Why should we ever part, dear,
Why should we say "good-bye?"

But we said farewell forever,
And parted with many a sigh—
My heart was sad and broken,
But my love will never die.
So I dreamt that once more we linger
In the dear old home so fair,
And the voice of my angel mother
With music fills the air.

Oh! twas only the organ pealing,
A low soft evening hymn,
The sun had set, and the twilight
Was shading the arches dim.
So I rose with a holy feeling,
And smiled as I looked above,
For I know we shall meet in heaven,
In the land of eternal love.

5. CHORUS—"Come Unto Him," - - - Gounod
The Choir.

Come unto Him, all ye who labor! Your Lord will give you rest and peace, comfort for all your sorrows.
Ye weary, He will give you rest for your souls. Turn from the pleasures of sin and behold your Lord on His cross, who dies for the sins of the world. Come unto Him, all ye who labor! He will receive you, He will refresh you, He will give rest to your souls. Behold on His cross our Redeemer, nail'd there by our transgressions, calls all men to Himself. He pleads His blood; He shews His streaming wounds as He makes intercession: He cries, "Ceme ye to Me, and I will save your souls."

6. ORGAN SOLOS—(a) "Fugue" in G Major, - - - Bach

(b) "Traumerei," - - - Schumann

(c) "Barcarole" (4th Concerto) - - Sterndale-Bennett

Mr. C. E. Wheeler.

7. MALE QUARTETTE—"Blow, Bugle, Blow," - - - Hatton
Messrs. Carroll, Southcott, Belcher and Williams.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shades across the lake,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, Bugle, blow; blow, Bugle, blow;
Set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, Bugle, blow;
Answer echoes dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going;
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.

Blow, Bugle, etc.

O love they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

Blow, Bugle, etc.

8. SOPRANO SOLO—"Entreat Me Not," (by request) - - - Gounod
Miss Della Ziegler.

And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

9. DOUBLE CHORUS—"Judge Me, O God," - - - Mendelssohn
The Choir.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from deceitful and unjust men. For Thou art the God of my strength: O why dost Thou cast me from Thee? wherefore mourn I because the enemy sorely oppresseth me? Send out Thy light and truth, Lord: O let them lead me and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling-place. And then will I go to the altar of God, the God of my gladness and joy: I will praise Thee upon the harp, O my God. O my soul, why art thou cast downward? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in the Lord, O my soul: for I will praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my gracious Lord and God.

PROGRAMME

10. ALTO SOLO—"The Children's Home,"

Cowen

Miss Christina Biscott.

They played in their beautiful gardens,
The children of high degree;
Outside the gates, the beggars
Passed on in their misery.
But there was one of the children
Who could not join the play,
And a little beggar maiden
Watched for him day by day.

Once he had given her a flower!
And oh! how he smiled to see
Her thin white hands thro' the railings
Stretch'd out so eagerly.
She came again to the garden,
She saw the children play,
But the little white face had vanish'd,
The little feet gone away.

She crept away to her corner,
Down by the murky stream;
But the pale, pale face in the garden
Shone thro' her restless dream,
And that high born child and the beggar
Passed homeward side by side,
For the ways of men are narrow,
But the gates of Heaven are wide.

11. DUET—"Hope Beyond,"

White

Miss Gilmour and Mr. Williams.

No hope beyond, no hope beyond,
You say there is no hope beyond;
No God, no future for man,
Oh, sister! there is a living God,
Serve Him while you can;
Oh! is it some sad remorse
That has driven you to this great despair?

Brother, all the world seems cold and drear.
Shall we live again above the sod?

Yes, in the bright world beyond,
Because there is a living God.

Many long weary days have I wandered,
With my heart filled with grief and despair;
But the dark cloud of doubt now is waning,
And my griefs I will now try to bear.

Yes, this life we'll enjoy while we can,
Let us shrink not from duty and right;
Tho' to-day life may look dark and dreary,
Yet to-morrow the sun shall be bright.

12. HYMN—"Praise ye the Lord," (Tune—Duke Street).

Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite,
To make this duty our delight.

He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,—
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned,

Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds above the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain,

(*The audience is kindly requested to rise, and join heartily in the singing of this Hymn.*)

13. BASS SOLO—"The Mighty Deep,"

Jude

Mr. J. Marshall Williams.

Ah! could we but fathom the mighty deep,
And count up the treasures there,
Or tell of the noble spirits gone
To that home so lone and drear;
'Tis then we can feel as the sailor feels,
When his lonely watch he keeps,
And hears midst the howling of the raging storm,
The voice of the mighty deep.

Sadly telling the tale of brave hearts that sleep,
Ah! never to rise again from the mighty deep.

Ah! we cannot speak to the mighty deep,
Ah! tell of the mourners left,
Nor e'er for a moment join their souls
To the lonely ones now bereft;
They shall rise again when the trumpet sounds,
And the Lord of the seas shall send
Bright Angels to call them from the deep,
To the life that has no end.

Gladly telling the tale, the brave hearts that sleep
Shall rise again on the wings of love,
From the mighty, the mighty deep.

14. SEXTETTE AND CHORUS—"Hark, Hark, My Soul,"

Shelley

With Solo by
Miss Fda Smythe.

Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wavebeat
shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin sh'l be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

15. ORGAN SOLO—Overture to "Zampa,"

Herold

Mr. C. E. Wheeler.

16. QUARTETTE—"Abide With Me,"

Danks

Misses Ziegler and Biscott; Messrs. Carroll and Williams.

17. CHORUS—"Mighty Jehovah,"

Bellini

The Choir.

Mighty Jehovah, accept our praises. God our Father, O hear us in mercy: Unto Thee we offer thanksgiving, unto Thee we offer praise. For Thy goodness and kindness to Thy children, and Thy undeserved mercies, we now offer Thee our thanks. Accept, O Lord, our heartfelt praise: thanks be to Thee, O God. He is gracious, slow to anger, and repents him of the evil. If therefore, ye truly seek Him with all your hearts, ye shall surely find Him, saith our God. O be joyful in God all ye nations, praise Him evermore. O be joyful in God all ye nations, sing praises to His name, and rejoice before Him with thanksgiving and gladness.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

**N. B.—A Silver Collection (of not less than Ten Cents from each person)
will be taken at the door.**